

Asterix IN BELGIUM

by GOSCINNY and UDERZO



a Hodder Dargaud
presentation

UDERZO

IT IS A FINE, SUNNY DAY, AND LIFE IS AS CALM AND TRANQUIL AS EVER IN THE PEACE-LOVING LITTLE GAULISH VILLAGE...

AND YOU KNOW WHAT MY FISH HAVE TO SAY ABOUT THAT?

YES, I DO, AND I WISH THEY'D KEEP THEIR MOUTHS SHUT! THEIR BEST FRIENDS OUGHT TO TELL THEM...

GERIATRIK, SWEETIEPIE, COME HOME AT ONCE! YOU'LL CATCH YOUR DEATH OF COLD!

HEY! YOU FORGOT TO UNTIE ME AFTER THE LAST BANQUET!

WHEN I TOLD THEM TO DROP EVERYTHING, I DIDN'T MEAN YOU TOO!

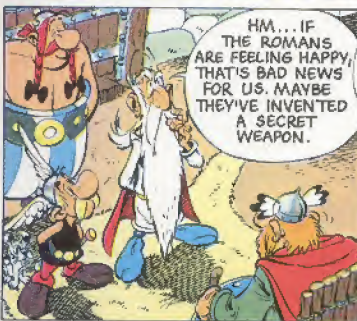
O CHIEF VITALSTATISTIX...

...THERE ARE SOME ROMAN TROOPS ON THE MOVE!

THAT'S RIGHT! LOTS AND LOTS OF LOVELY BRAND NEW ROMANS ARRIVING IN THESE PARTS!

HM... THAT'S GOOD NEWS, REALLY. THE PEOPLE OF OUR VILLAGE ARE GETTING BORED... A LITTLE EXERCISE WILL DO THEM GOOD.

LET'S GO AND SEE WHAT THESE ROMANS ARE UP TO!



THE FORTIFIED
ROMAN CAMP OF
CAUDANUM...

WE'RE
GOING TO HANG OUT
ON THE
WASHING ON THE
ARMORICAN LINE...

HEY, LADS, KNOW
WHAT THIS IS?

NO.

WELL, IT'S A
LEGIONARY SQUASHING
A FLY AGAINST
A WALL.

AND YOU
KNOW WHAT
THIS IS?

YOU JUST
TOLD US: IT'S A
LEGIONARY...

NO, NO, IT'S
A BELGIAN KNOCKING
A NAIL INTO A STONE
WALL! TEE HEE!

OH,
SHUT UP
ABOUT THE
BELGIANS!

WE'VE
HEARD QUITE
ENOUGH BELGIAN
JOKES.

JUST ONE MORE:
YOU KNOW HOW A
BELGIAN GETS A BIT
OF GRIT OUT OF A
ROMAN'S EYE?

OH,
SO THEY DID
KNOW THAT
ONE.

I'M OFF FOR A LITTLE
STROLL IN THE FOREST ON
MY OWN. AVE, MATES.

AVE! MIND YOU DON'T
GET INTO ANY TROUBLE
OUT THERE!

HAHAHAHAHA!

THIS IS
INCREDIBLE!

YOU'RE
RIGHT. I THINK
THOSE ROMANS
HAVE FINALLY
GONE CRAZY!



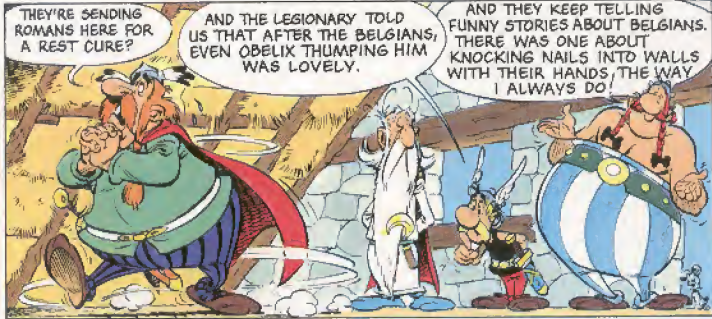
A REST CURE?



THEY'RE SENDING ROMANS HERE FOR A REST CURE?

AND THE LEGIONARY TOLD US THAT AFTER THE BELGIANS, EVEN OBELIX THUMPING HIM WAS LOVELY.

AND THEY KEEP TELLING FUNNY STORIES ABOUT BELGIANS. THERE WAS ONE ABOUT KNOCKING NAILS INTO WALLS WITH THEIR HANDS, THE WAY I ALWAYS DO!



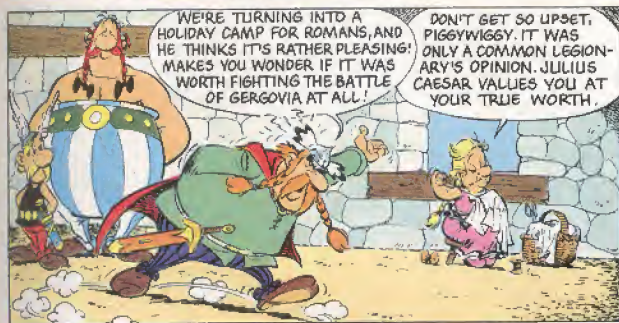
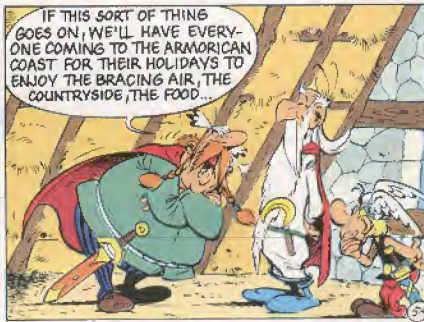
THERE'S NO NEED TO GET UPSET; I THINK IT'S RATHER PLEASING TO KNOW THE ROMANS COME HERE FOR A REST CURE.



RATHER PLEASING?



IF THIS SORT OF THING GOES ON, WE'LL HAVE EVERYONE COMING TO THE ARMORICAN COAST FOR THEIR HOLIDAYS TO ENJOY THE BRACING AIR, THE COUNTRYSIDE, THE FOOD...

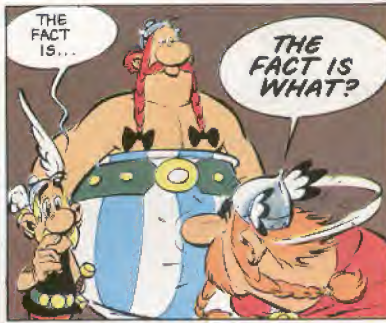


WE'RE TURNING INTO A HOLIDAY CAMP FOR ROMANS, AND HE THINKS IT'S RATHER PLEASING! MAKES YOU WONDER IF IT WAS WORTH FIGHTING THE BATTLE OF GERGOVIA AT ALL!

DON'T GET SO UPSET, PIGGYWIGGY. IT WAS ONLY A COMMON LEGIONARY'S OPINION. JULIUS CAESAR VALUES YOU AT YOUR TRUE WORTH.

THE FACT IS...

THE FACT IS WHAT?



JULIUS CAESAR SAID THE BELGIANS WERE THE BRAVEST OF ALL THE GAULISH PEOPLES.

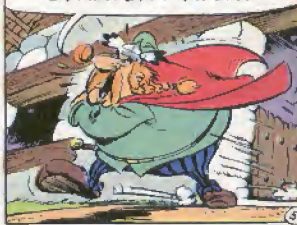


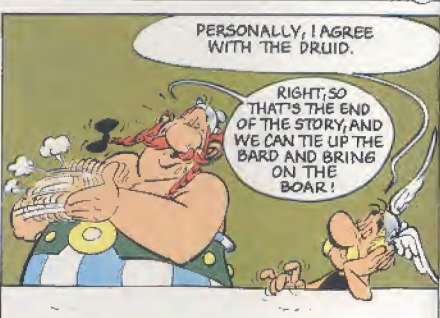
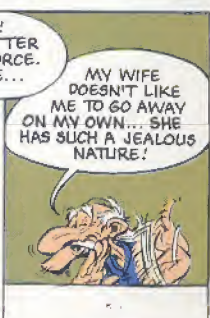
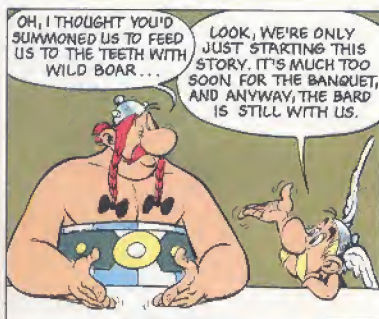
OH, SO THAT'S WHAT CAESAR SAID, IS IT? RIGHT, YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK OF CAESAR?

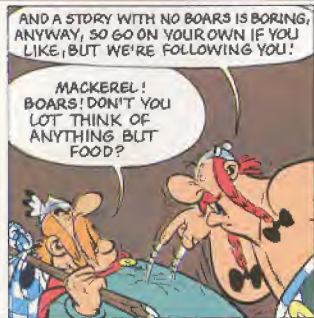
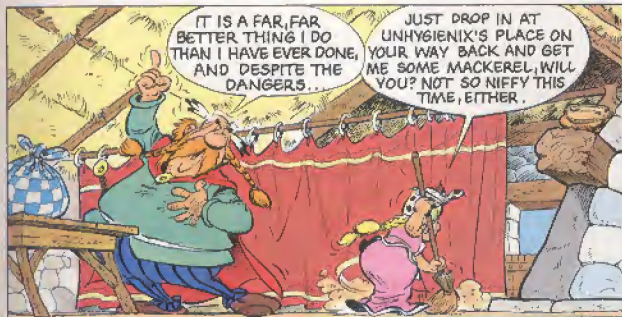
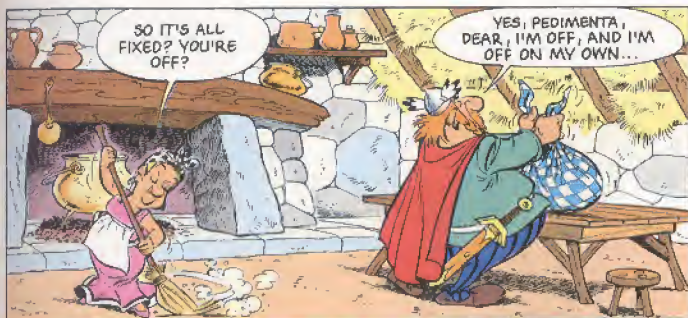


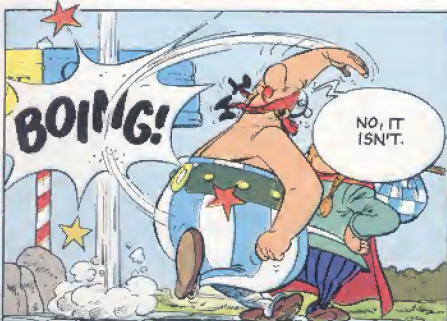
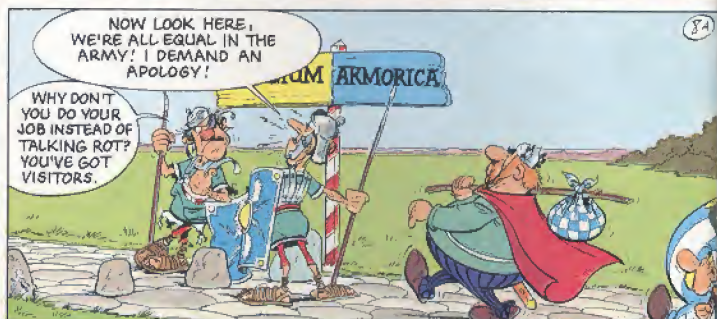
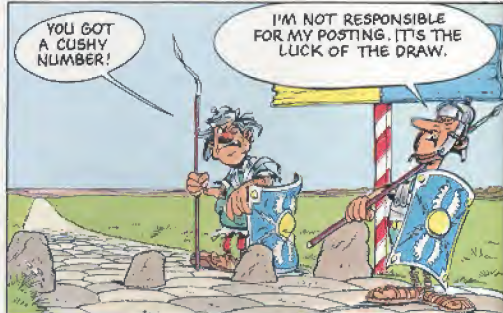
PIGGYWIGGY, IF YOU WANT TO BE COARSE, GO AND BE COARSE ELSEWHERE!

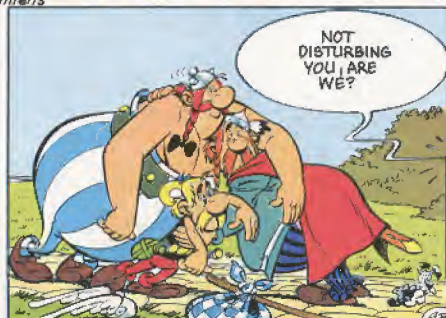
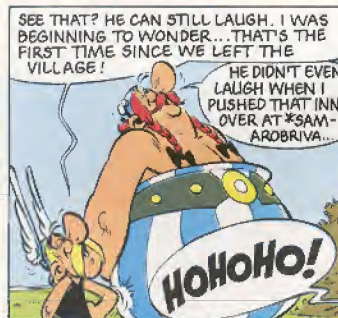
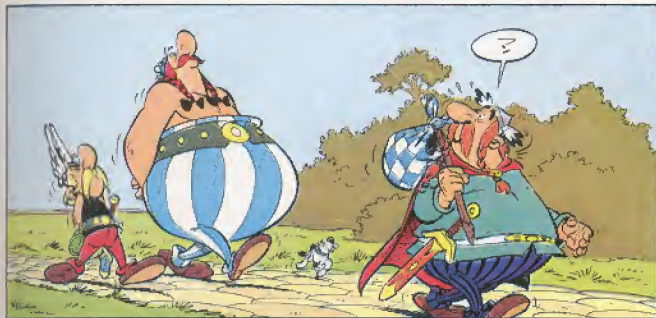
YOU BET I WILL! I'M CALLING A VILLAGE COUNCIL MEETING STRAIGHT AWAY!

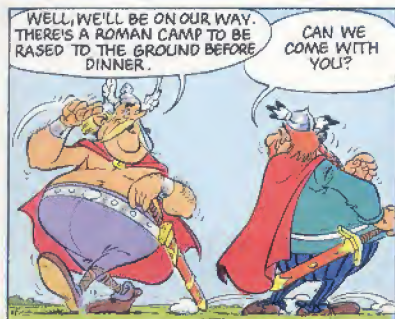
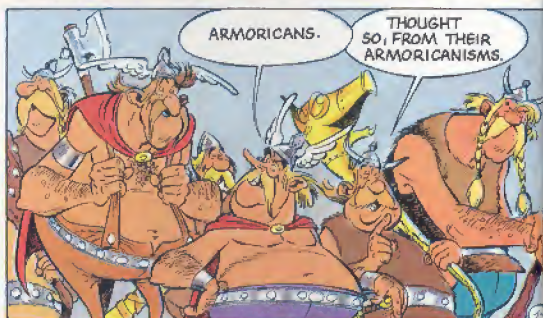
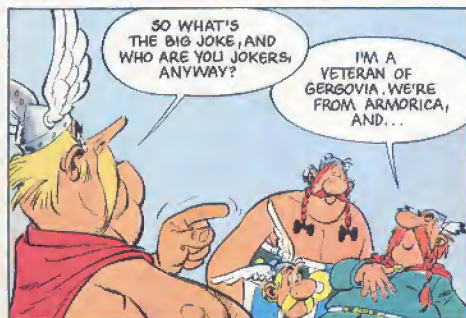


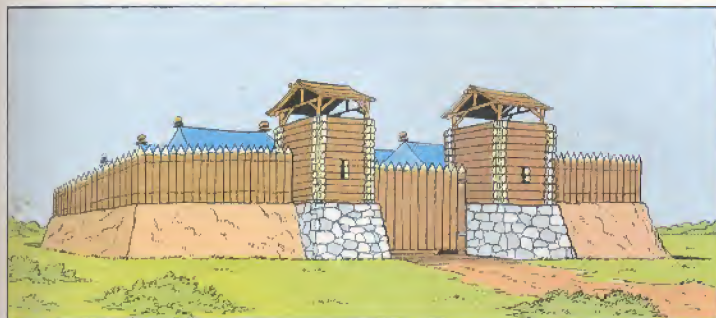


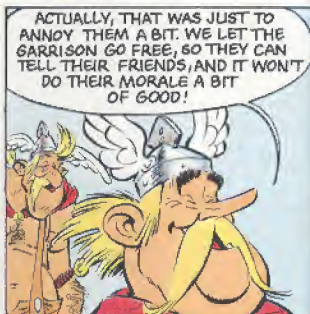


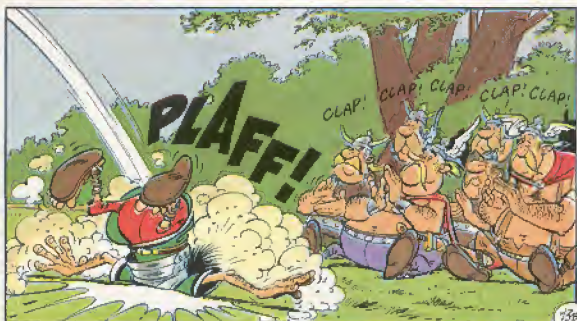
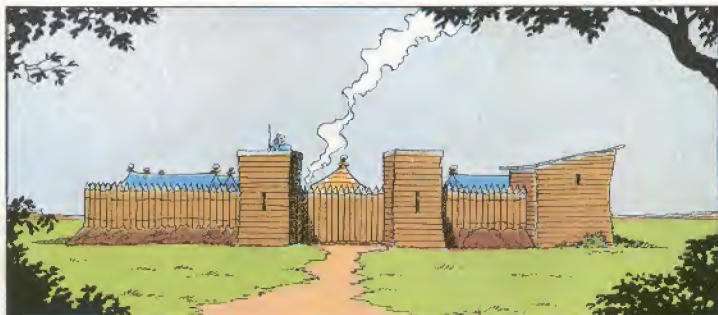


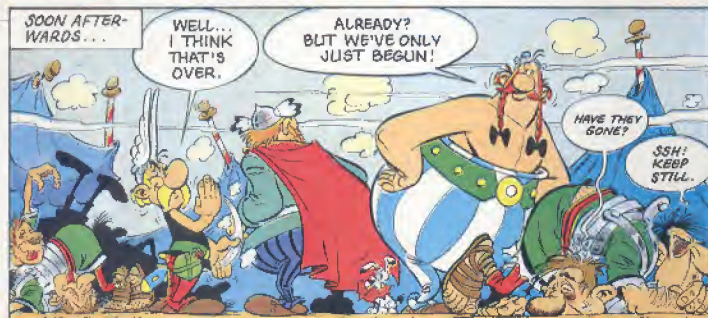
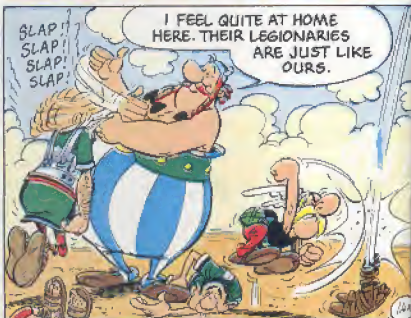


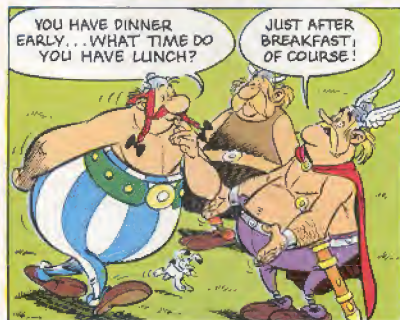
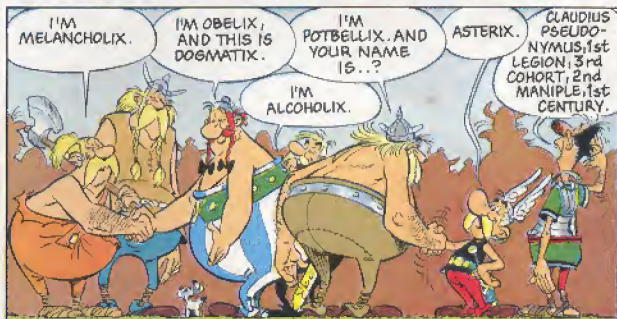
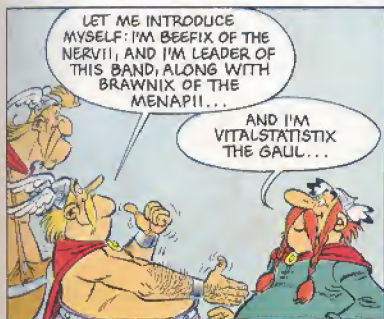
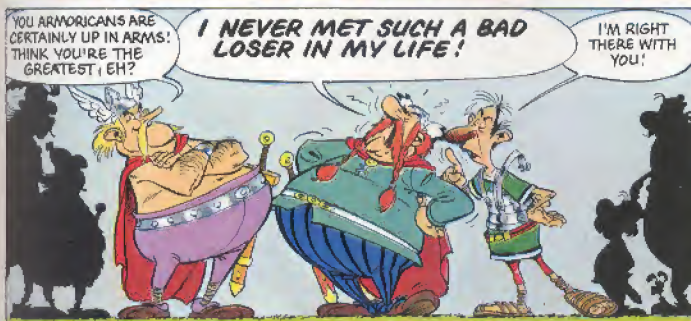
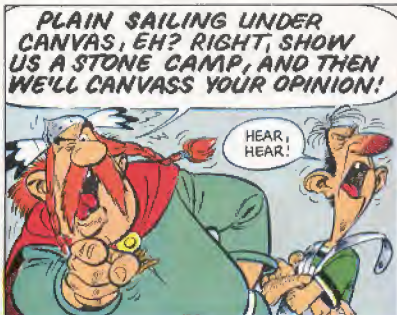














WELL,
COMING?

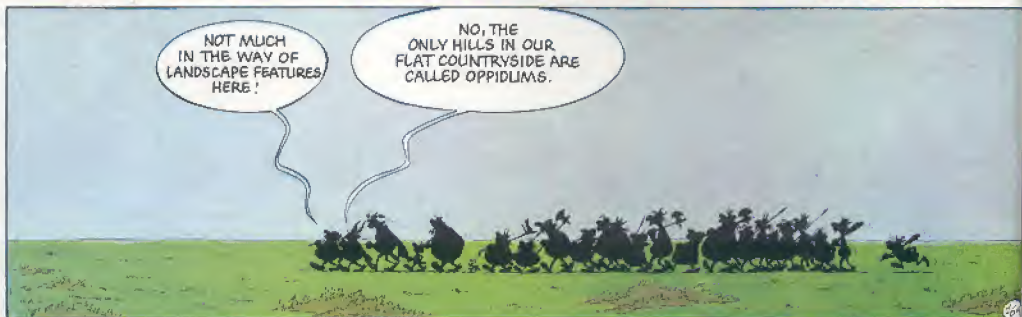
WE DON'T
LIKE TO IMPOSE
ON YOU...



TRUE GAULISH GALLANTRY! BUT IT'S NO TROUBLE...YOU'LL
JUST GET POT LUCK THE ROAST BOAR OF OLD BELGIUM...
NONE OF YOUR FANCY LUTETIAN COOKING HERE!

RIGHT.
AVE. SEE
YOU SOON.

?



NOT MUCH
IN THE WAY OF
LANDSCAPE FEATURES
HERE!

NO, THE
ONLY HILLS IN OUR
FLAT COUNTRYSIDE ARE
CALLED OPPIDUMS.



HERE'S THE
VILLAGE.

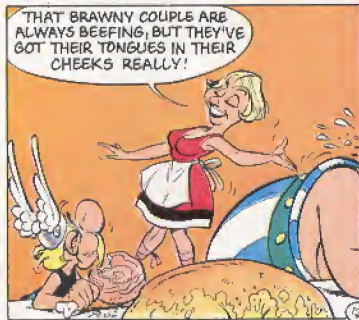
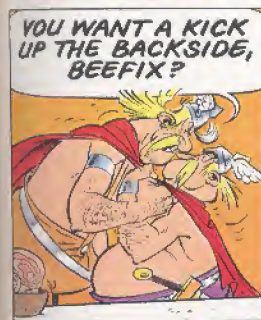
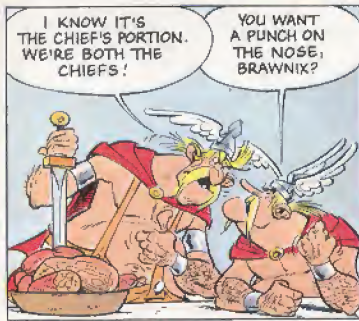
IT'S
VERY LIKE
OURS!

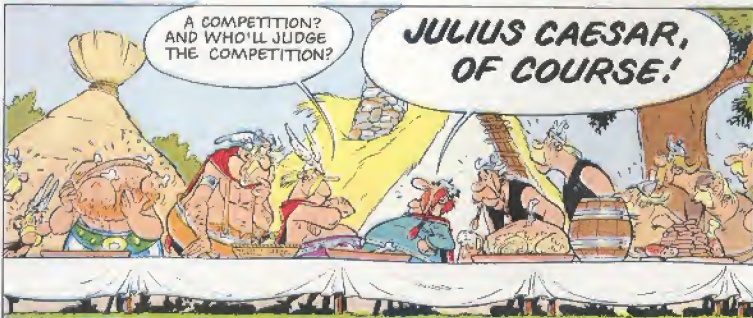
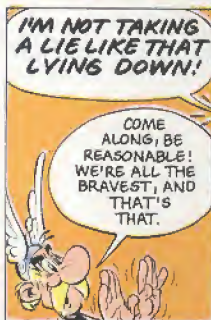
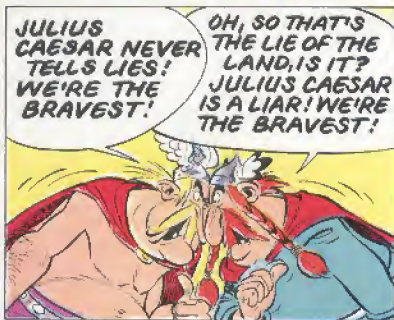
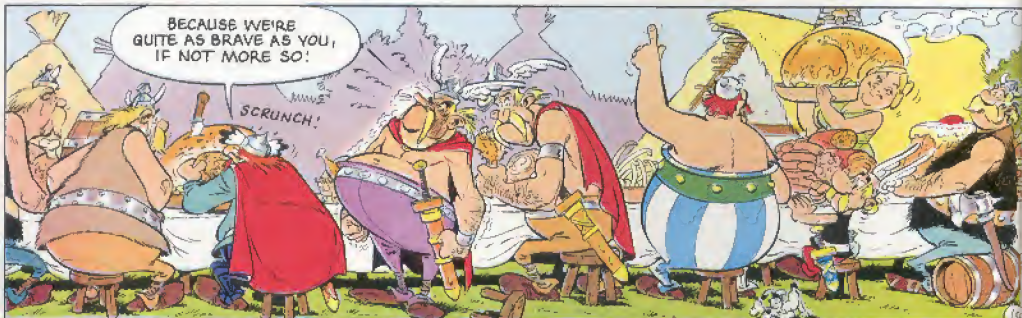
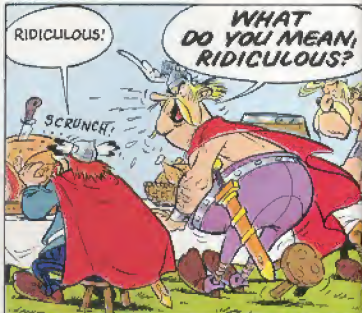
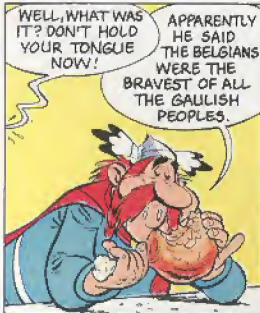
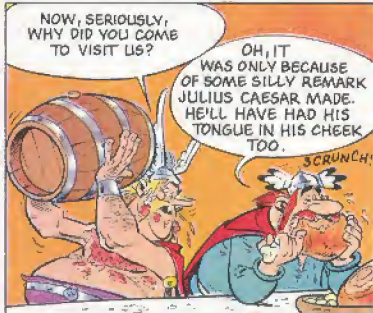


LADIES, WE HAVE VISITORS!
LET'S LAY ON THE WHOLE WORKS!
BURNISH UP THE BRASS! PUT ON
YOUR BEST BIBS AND TUCKERS!



YES, THIS IS A REAL
HOME FROM HOME, COMPLETE
WITH REAL ROMANS
FROM ROME!





THAT NIGHT...

I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF THIS COMPETITION TOO MUCH. IT COULD BE A STICKY BUSINESS AFTER ALL.

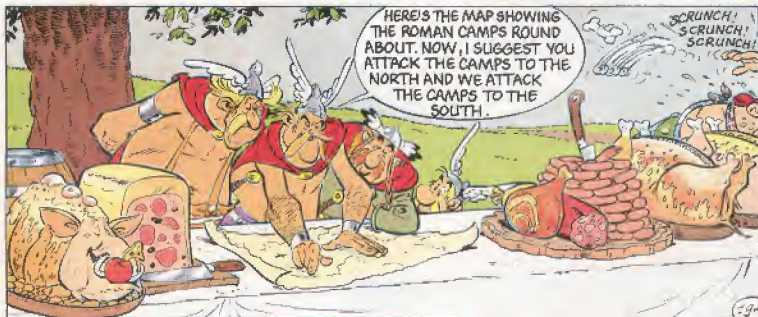
I LIKE THIS COUNTRY, AND I LIKE THE PEOPLE TOO. THEY STICK AT NOTHING! LET'S GO TO SLEEP. I DON'T WANT TO BE LATE FOR BREAKFAST-AND-LUNCH.

GOOD NIGHT, ASTERIX!

GOOD NIGHT, IDIOTIX!

NEXT MORNING...

COME AND GET IT!



AND WE'LL SEE WHO KNOCKS DOWN THE MOST!

IF CAESAR'S GOING TO REFEREE THE MATCH, WE MUST MAKE SURE WE IDENTIFY OURSELVES TO THE ROMANS.

AND TO BE PERFECTLY HONEST, I OUGHT TO TELL YOU WE USE A MAGIC POTION. IF YOU'D CARE FOR A DROP...

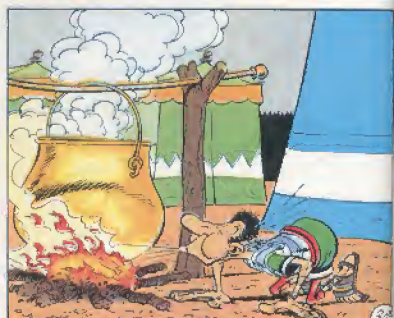
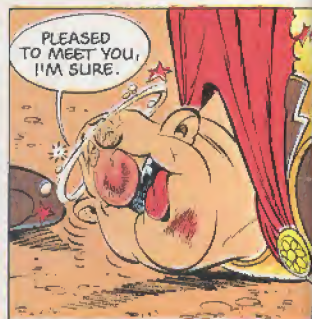
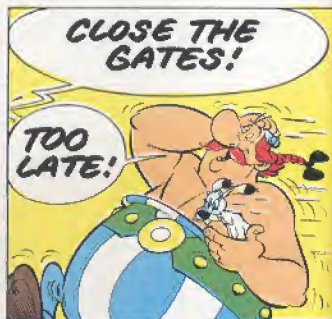
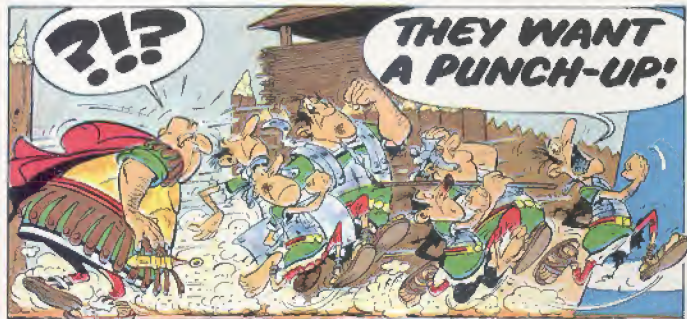
NO, WE DON'T NEED ANY OF THAT! OUR BEER IS STRONG ENOUGH FOR US!

I'LL MAKE SOME SANDWICHES. YOU CAN'T GO OFF FIGHTING WITHOUT A PACKED LUNCH, DINNER AND SUPPER.

LATER, IN A ROMAN CAMP TO THE NORTH OF THE BELGIAN VILLAGE...

THERE ARE THREE MEN AND A DOG APPROACHING THE CAMP!

SIX MEN GO OUT ON PATROL AND SEE WHAT THEY WANT!





GETTING HOT.



WELL...



NO IDEA. I WAS JUST ASKING THAT ROMAN, BUT HE SEEMED TO HAVE A CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER, NOW HE'S A MERE VEGETABLE, ROOTED TO THE SPOT.



NEAR THE BELGIAN SHORE...

CAP'IN, NON LICET OMNIBUS ADIRE CORINTHUM AND ALL THAT, BUT DO YOU REALLY THINK IT'S WISE TO SAIL SO NEAR THE WIND? WE'RE RATHER CLOSE TO THE SHORE.

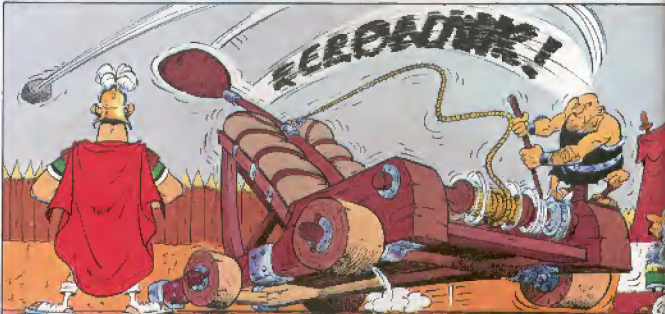
WELL, WHAT ABOUT IT?

THERE'S A WAR ON HERE!

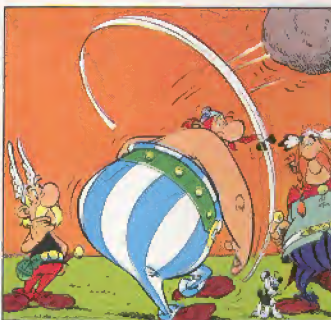
OH, WE'RE ONLY PEACEFUL PIRATICAL NEUTRALS. A SPOT OF TROUBLE BETWEEN BELGIANS AND ROMANS IS NONE OF OUR BUSINESS.

BUT NOT FAR OFF...

THREE MEN COMING TOWARDS THE CAMP? BY JUPITER, LET'S CRUSH THEM WITH THE CATAPULT! THAT'LL SHUT THEM UP!

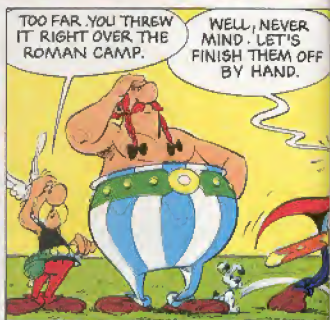


BONK!



TOO FAR, YOU THREW IT RIGHT OVER THE ROMAN CAMP.

WELL, NEVER MIND. LET'S FINISH THEM OFF BY HAND.

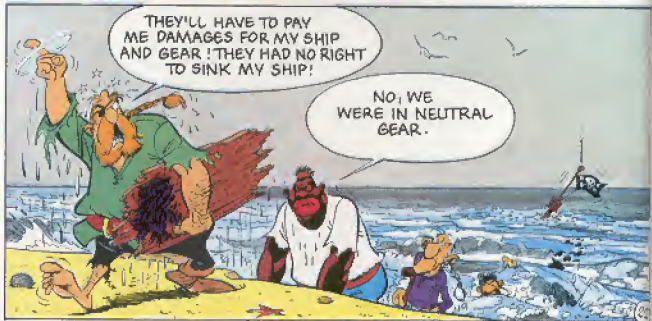


ALL RIGHT DOWN THERE, CAP'IN?

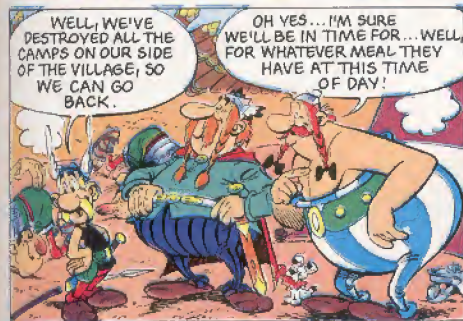
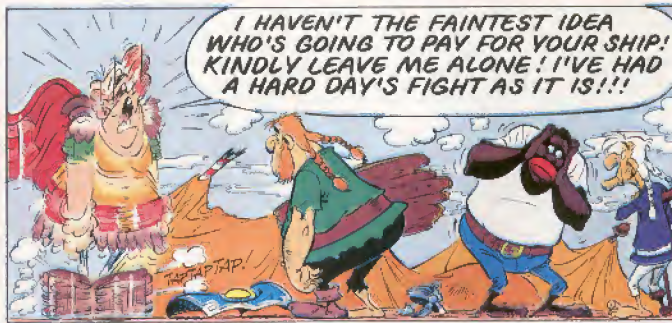
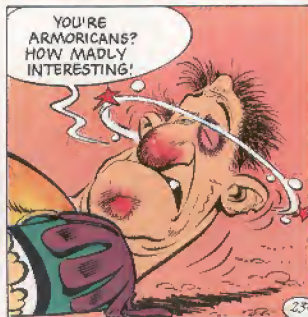
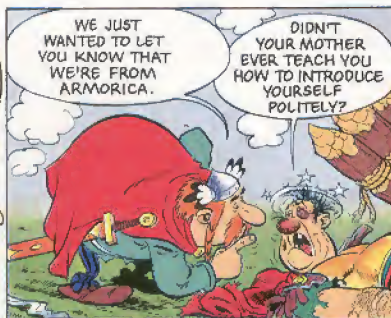
JUST ABOUT, SPEAKING FOR MYSELF, BUT WE'RE HOLED IN THE HOLD AND WE'VE GOT THAT SINKING FEELING YET AGAIN.

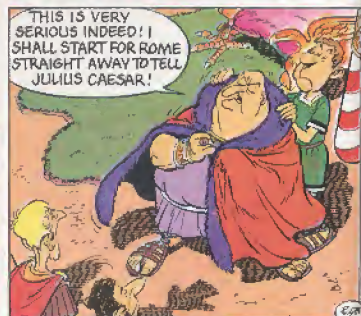
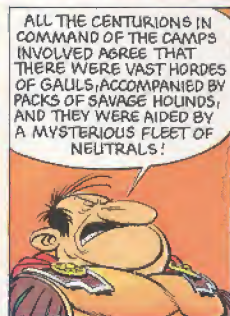
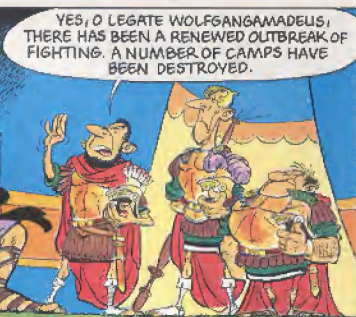
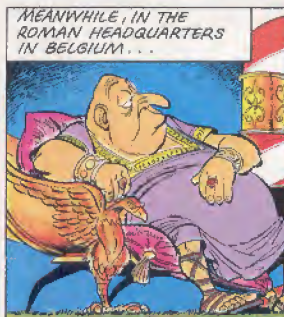
THEY'LL HAVE TO PAY ME DAMAGES FOR MY SHIP AND GEAR! THEY HAD NO RIGHT TO SINK MY SHIP!

NO, WE WERE IN NEUTRAL GEAR.



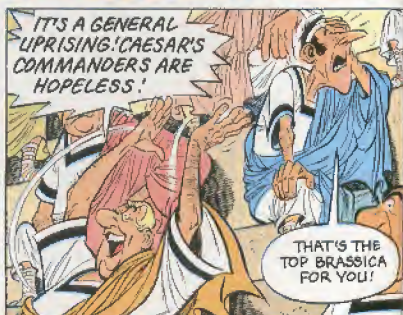
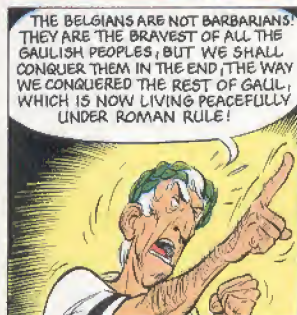
AND THE STRANGE COMPETITION GOES ON, TRYING TO CHALK UP AS MANY VICTORIES AS POSSIBLE SO AS TO COME OUT THE WINNERS. THE GAULS AND THE BELGIANS SPREAD TERROR THROUGH THE LOCAL ROMAN FORTIFIED CAMPS.





IN ROME, THE SENATE IS SITTING.

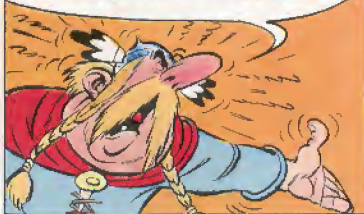




WE'VE BEEN HERE AT A LOOSE END FOR DAYS! THERE'S NO NEWS OF CAESAR, BEEFIX AND BRAWNIX AND THEIR FRIENDS KEEP NEEDLING US, AND THEY SAY NO ONE EVEN NOTICED OUR BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENTS!

SUPPOSE WE GO HOME? IT'S NEARLY THE MUSH-ROOM AND TRUFFLE SEASON.

TRUFFLES ARE TRIFLES COMPARED TO OUR MILITARY REPUTATION!!!



HULLO, STILL CROSS, AMERICAN, OLD FRIEND?

I'M IN NO JOKING MOOD!



WELL, IT'S NOT OUR FAULT IF CAESAR HAS MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO THAN BOTHER ABOUT YOU LOT, IS IT?

IT SHOWS HE KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT MILITARY STANDARDS!



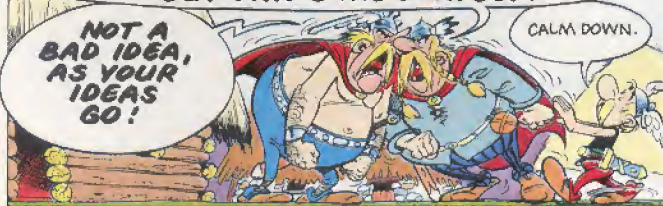
A MAN WHO SAYS WE'RE THE BRAVEST IS A REAL EXPERT WHEN IT COMES TO JUDGING MILITARY STANDARDS, YOU HEAR ME?



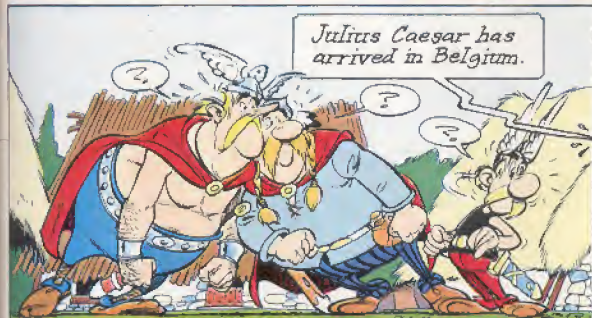
RIGHT, WHY DON'T WE FIGHT EACH OTHER INSTEAD OF THUMPING IGNORANT ROMANS WHO DON'T EVEN KNOW A BRAVE MAN WHEN THEY SEE ONE? THEN WE'LL FIND OUT WHO'S THE BRAVEST!

NOT A BAD IDEA, AS YOUR IDEAS GO!

CALM DOWN.

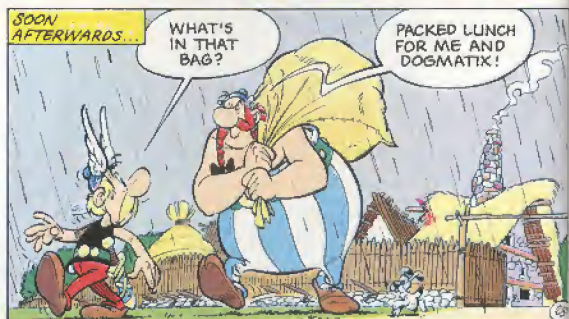
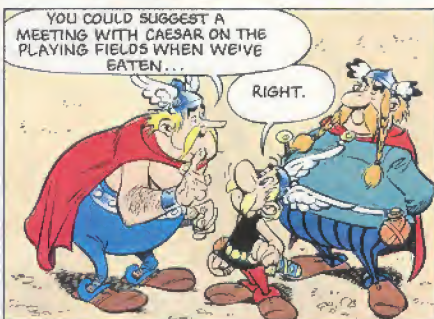
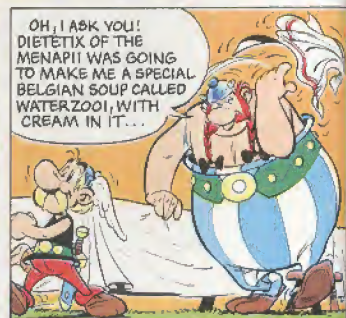


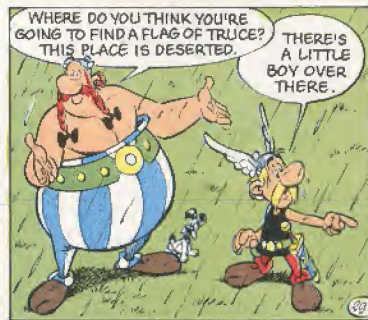
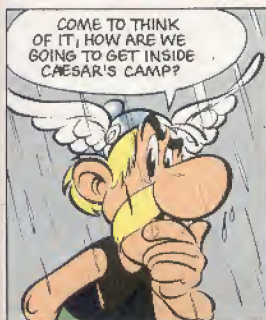
Julius Caesar has arrived in Belgium.



To be precise
Cultrius
Jaesar has
arrived in
Gelbrum.

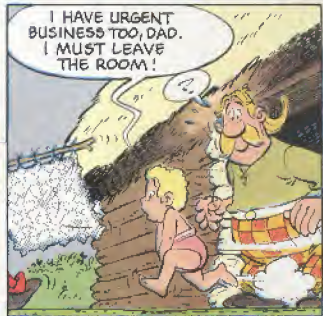
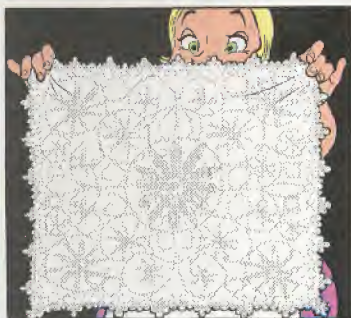
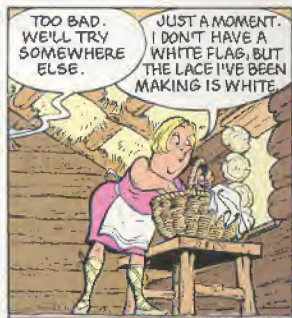








* BRASSICA OLERACEA BOTRYTIS



LATER...

CAESAR'S
CAMP!

AVE, CAESAR! TWO MEN ARE OUTSIDE
THE CAMP WITH SOMETHING BEARING A
VAGUE RESEMBLANCE TO A FLAG
OF TRUCE.

GO AND SEE WHAT THEY WANT.
IF THEY'RE REALLY CARRYING A FLAG
OF TRUCE BRING THEM TO ME.

WHAT,
ME?

**YES, YOU! SINCE WHEN
HAS A ROMAN LEGION-
ARY KNOWN FEAR?**

PERSONALLY, IT'LL
HAVE BEEN SINCE ABOUT
THREE MONTHS AGO,
WHEN I ARRIVED
IN BELGIUM..

... BUT I HEAR AND OBEY,
O CAESAR. AVE! MORITURUS TE
SALUTO, AND I WISH I COULD
HAVE HAD TIME TO WRITE TO
MY WIFE.

A FEW MOMENTS
LATER...

HA...HALT!

WHY DID YOU DO
THAT? WE'RE
CARRYING A FLAG
OF TRUCE.

WELL, IT ISN'T
A REAL FLAG. IT'S
RIDDLED WITH
HOLES.

THAT'S NO REASON TO KNOCK
HIM DOWN AS IF WE WANTED
TO PICK HOLES IN HIM, TOO!



WAKE UP, LEGIONARY. WE
COME WITH A FLAG OF TRUCE,
AND WE'D LIKE TO SEE CAESAR.
SORRY WE KNOCKED BEFORE
ENTERING.



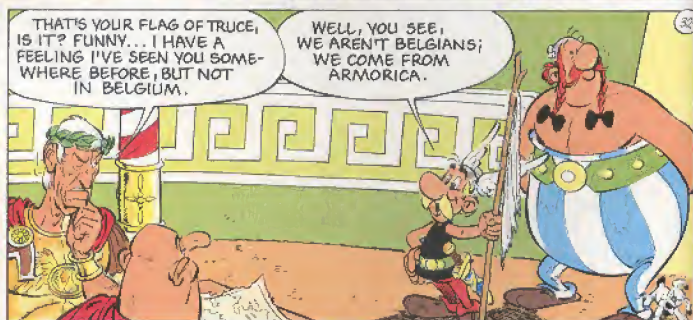
A LITTLE
LATER...

YES... IT'S A FLAG
OF TRUCE ALL RIGHT.



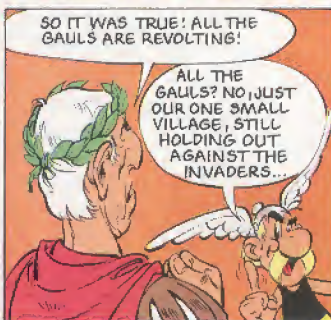
I TOLD YOU
THEY WERE
SAVAGES
HERE!

ALL RIGHT,
SEND THEM
IN, AND LET'S
KEEP CALM.



THAT'S YOUR FLAG OF TRUCE,
IS IT? FUNNY... I HAVE A
FEELING I'VE SEEN YOU SOME-
WHERE BEFORE, BUT NOT
IN BELGIUM.

WELL, YOU SEE,
WE AREN'T BELGIANS;
WE COME FROM
ARMORICA.



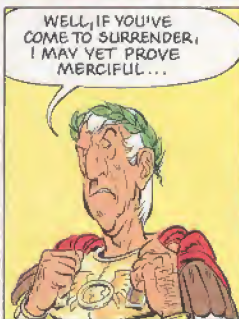
SO IT WAS TRUE! ALL THE
GAULS ARE REVOLTING!

ALL THE
GAULS? NO, JUST
OUR ONE SMALL
VILLAGE, STILL
HOLDING OUT
AGAINST THE
INVADERS...



BUT YOUR CHIEFS SURRENDERED!
IT'S TREASON! YOU'RE LIVING AT OUR
EXPENSE OFF THE FAT OF THE LAND!

NO, WE'VE BEEN LIVING OFF
THE BELGIANS. THEY'RE THE
FAT OF THE LAND. I'M
JUST WELL COVERED
MYSELF.



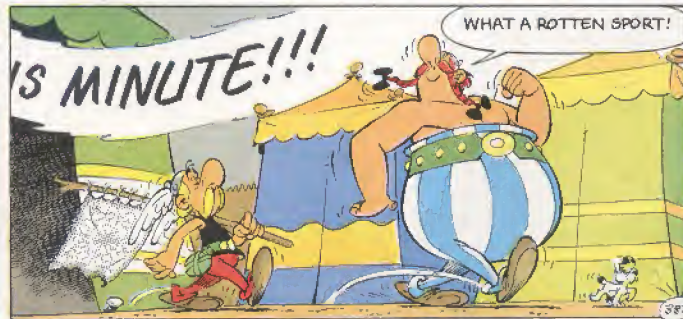
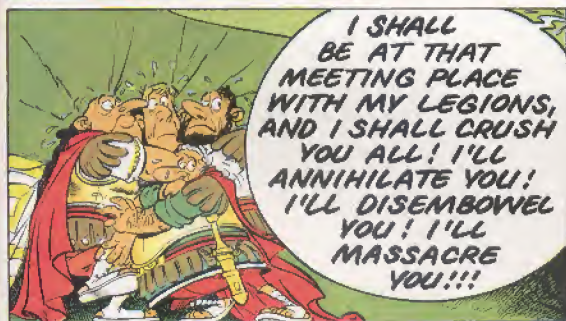
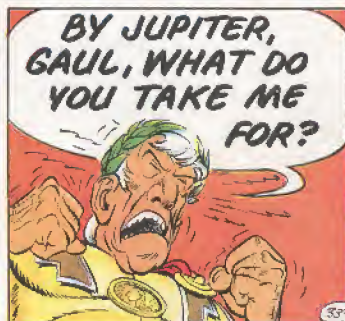
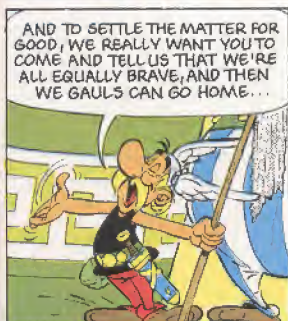
WELL, IF YOU'VE
COME TO SURRENDER,
I MAY YET PROVE
MERCIFUL...



NO, NO. IT'S JUST
THAT WE HAD A
COMPETITION, AND
WE'D LIKE YOU TO
BE THE
ADJUDICATOR.



COMPETITION?:
ADJUDICATOR!?



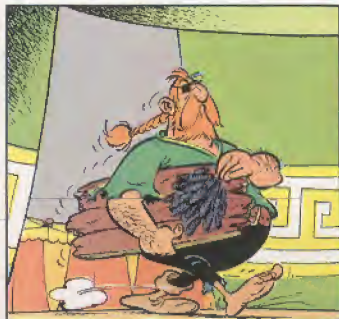


ER... THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE ASKING TO SEE YOU, O CAESAR.

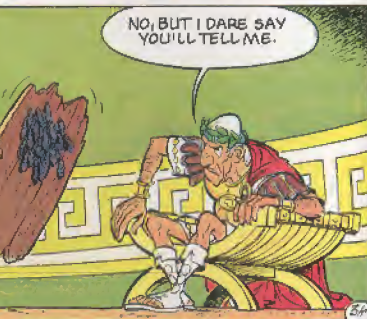
THIS MIGHT NOT BE THE BEST MOMENT TO...



NO, NO. THIS IS OBVIOUSLY MY DAY FOR SEEING PEOPLE. LET HIM IN.



YOU KNOW WHAT THIS BOARD IS?



NO, BUT I DARE SAY YOU'LL TELL ME.



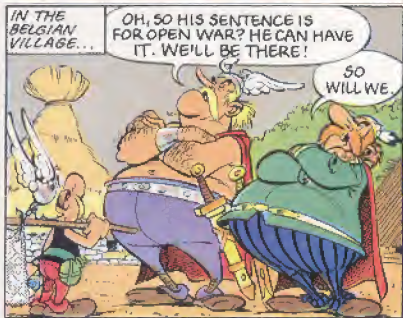
RIGHT: IT'S ALL THAT'S LEFT OF MY SHIP. I'M AN HONEST, HARD-WORKING, NEUTRAL PIRATE, AND I...



YOU KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH THAT BOARD OF YOURS?



BACK IN ROME, THEY TOLD ME HIS STANDARD OF CLASSICAL QUOTATION WAS DROPPING.



IN THE BELGIAN VILLAGE...

OH, SO HIS SENTENCE IS FOR OPEN WAR? HE CAN HAVE IT. WE'LL BE THERE!

SO WILL WE



NO. THIS IS OUR AFFAIR.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE COMPETITION?



THAT WAS MORE OF A GAME. THIS IS WAR.

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. WE DON'T WANT TO INTRUDE. WE KNOW HOW TO BE TACTFUL.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE GREAT BATTLE BEGIN...

LEGATE WOLFGANGMADEUS, ONCE BATTLE HAS BEEN JOINED YOU AND YOUR COHORTS ATTACK THE ENEMY IN THE REAR!

I HEAR AND OBEY, O CAESAR. I'LL BE OFF.

UMBELLIFERUS, I AM PUTTING YOU IN CHARGE OF MY IMPERIAL GUARD. THEY WILL TAKE PART ONLY IN THE LAST RESORT. WE SHALL OPEN FIRE WITH OUR CATAPULTS!

MAY THE GODS LOOK DOWN UPON US WITH FAVOUR!

ALEA JACTA EST!

AND AS FOR YOU, I'LL SEE YOU IN MY OFFICE AFTER THE BATTLE!

THE BELGIANS ARE GETTING READY FOR BATTLE TOO. FAST RUNNERS ARE SENT TO ROUSE THE NEIGHBOURING TRIBES...

BONANZA, DID YOU TRY THAT IDEA OF MINE ABOUT FRIED CHIPPED ROOTS?

NO, THE MENAPII INSISTED ON COOKING THE LAST MEAL BEFORE THE BATTLE. THEY WANTED A NICE WATERZOOI TO SOUP THEM UP.

WATERZOOI! WATERY STUFF FOR MEN WHO WANT CAESAR TO MEET HIS WATERLOO!

WITH JULIUS CAESAR AT THEIR HEAD, MARSHALLING IN PERFECT ORDER, THE LEGIONS MAINTAINING STRICT MILITARY STANDARDS, MARCH OFF TO THE BATTLEFIELD.

THE BELGIANS, WITH BEEFIX AND BRAUNIK AT THEIR HEAD, ARE MAKING FOR THE FATEFUL BATTLEGROUND TOO...

WHAT SORT OF PROVISIONS ARE THERE IN THE BAGGAGE TRAIN?

BEER AND SANDWICHES.



WHAT'S THE FILLING IN THE SANDWICHES?

WHOLE COLD ROAST OXEN.



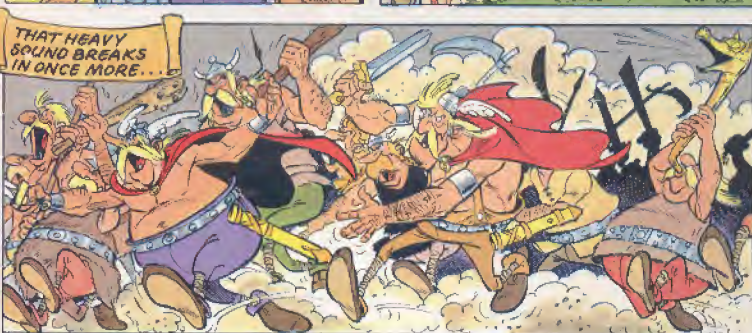
BUT HARK!

OUR TROOPS ARE IN POSITION.

OUR CATAPULTS ARE LINED UP.



THAT HEAVY SOUND BREAKS IN ONCE MORE...



FIRE!



BING!

BONG!

BING!

BONG!



ARM! ARM! IT IS—IT IS—THE CATAPULT'S OPENING ROAR!

WHAT SORT OF BING-BONG BALLS WERE THOSE?



AND POURING FORWARD WITH NOT VERY IMPETUOUS SPEED...

BY JUPITER, LEGATE WOLFGANG-AMADEUS, DO YOU HAVE MUCH STOMACH FOR THIS FIGHT?

YOU BET I DO! WHAT ARE YOU BELLVACHING ABOUT?

I DON'T TRUST THESE BELGIANS, AND OUR MEN AREN'T TOO HAPPY EITHER. I'M AFRAID WE MAY BE LURED INTO A TRAP.

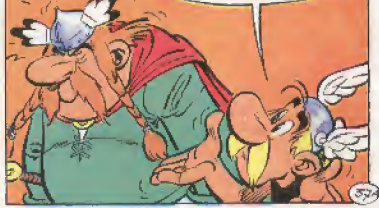


SO THEY'VE CHUCKED US OUT! OH, OF COURSE WE'RE ONLY FOREIGNERS, AREN'T WE? WE DON'T HAVE ANY RIGHT TO OUR BIT OF FUN! TALK ABOUT XENOPHOBIA!

DO CALM DOWN...



EVER SINCE THE START I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU THIS IS NONE OF OUR BUSINESS. SURELY YOU KNOW HOW THEY FEEL?

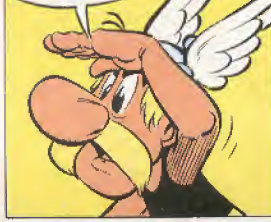


ALL I KNOW IS THAT I WANT TO BASH SOMEONE OVER THE HEAD! IT'S ALL VERY WELL BEING TACTFUL, BUT IF I CAN'T BASH SOMEONE OVER...

SSH!

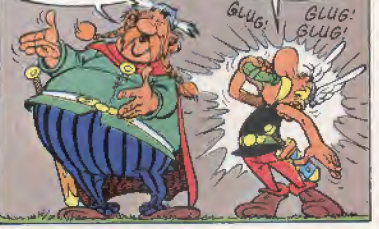


I THINK YOU MAY BE ABLE TO LET OFF STEAM AFTER ALL; THERE ARE ROMANS COMING!

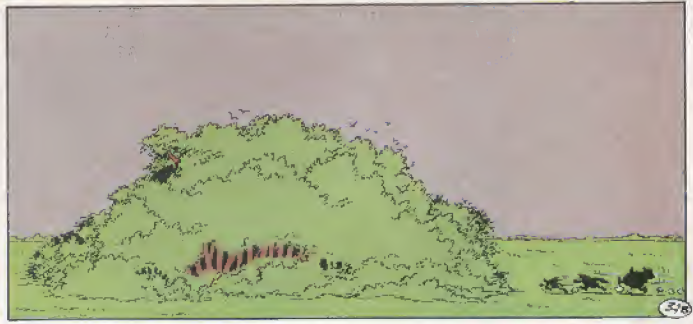


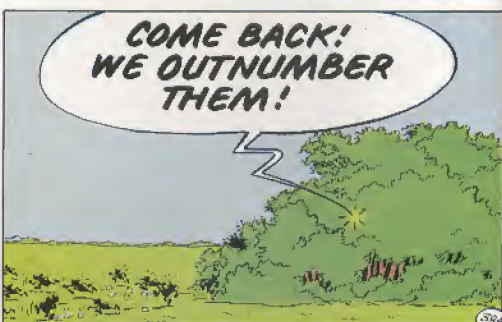
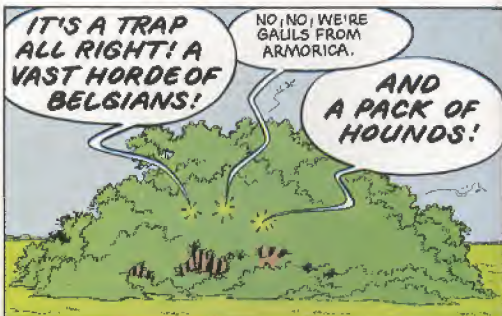
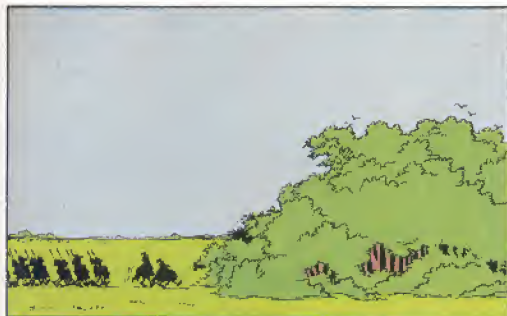
THERE, SEE THAT? YOU CAN RELY ON THE ROMANS! THE ROMANS TAKE LIFE SERIOUSLY.

LOTS OF ROMANS TOO! WE'D BETTER FINISH UP OUR MAGIC POTION.



WE'LL MEET THEM IN THAT LITTLE WOOD OVER THERE...





DID YE NOT HEAR IT?
- YES, 'T WAS BUT THE WIND
OF CATAPULTS FIRING O'ER
THE STONY STREET;
ON WITH THE THUMPING...

LET'S GET UNDER
COVER FOR A BIT, SOME-
WHERE MORE THAN A
STONE'S THROW
AWAY.

BONK!

THE
ENEMY IS
RETREATING!

GOOD!
SEND IN TEN
COHORTS OF THE
LEGION.



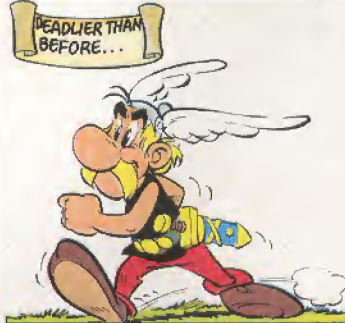
YET ANOTHER
VICTORY FOR YOU,
O CAESAR!

NOT YET!
THESE BARBARIANS
ARE TOUGH CUSTOMERS,
AND THE REINFORCEMENTS
SHOULD HAVE COME UP
BY NOW. I'M A BIT
WORRIED... GOOD,
HERE HE COMES.
I THINK!

BUT NO...
NEARER, CLEARER-

IS THAT YOU,
WOLFGANGAMADEUS?

DEADLIER THAN
BEFORE...



WHAT ARE
YOU LOT DOING
HERE?

OH, WELL, IF
YOU DON'T WANT US,
WE WON'T INTRUDE. YOU
MAY BE THE BRAVEST, BUT
WE'RE THE MOST
TACTFUL.

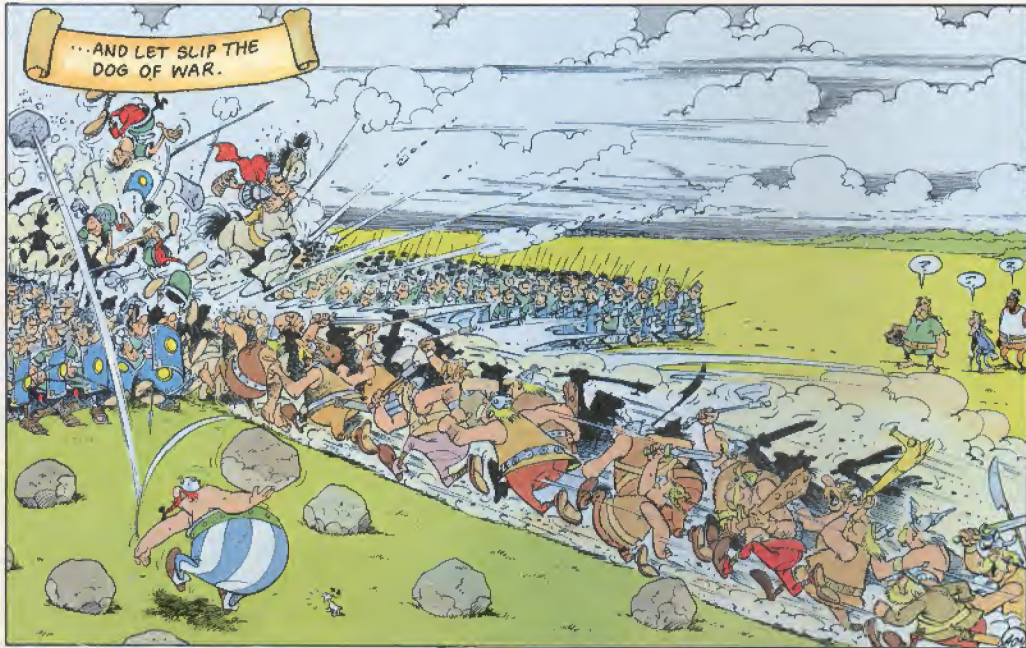
THAT'S
QUITE ENOUGH
ARGUING!
LET'S GET
THEM!

LET'S GET
THEM!

THE
ARMORICANS
ARE RIGHT!
IT'S ABOUT
TIME TO CRY
HAVOC...



...AND LET SLIP THE
DOG OF WAR.



MAYBE WE'D
BETTER LET OUR SHIP'S
BOARD GO BY THE
BOARD!

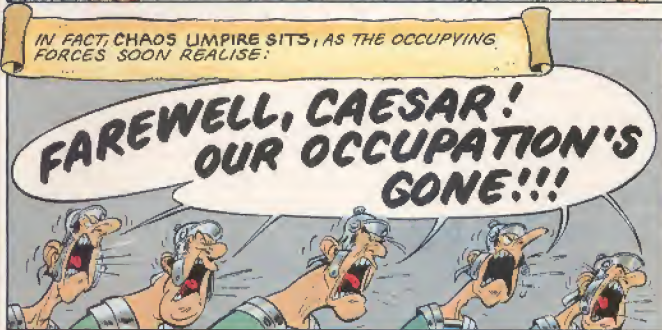


BUT YESTERDAY THE WORD OF CAESAR MIGHT HAVE STOOD AGAINST THE WORLD... HOWEVER, THAT DAY HE DID NOT OVERCOME THE NERVII, OR THE MENAPII, OR ANYBODY ELSE. CAESAR IS NO LONGER IN A POSITION TO JUDGE ANYTHING...



IN FACT, CHAOS UMPIRE SITS, AS THE OCCUPYING FORCES SOON REALISE:

**FAREWELL, CAESAR!
OUR OCCUPATION'S
GONE!!!**



**DO YOU
SURRENDER?**

**NO! UP
GUARDS
AND AT
'EM!**



OH
NO, WE
DON'T!

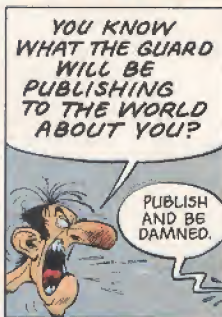
THESE
ROMANS ARE
CRAZY!

BUT
UP GUARDS
AND...



**YOU KNOW
WHAT THE GUARD
WILL BE
PUBLISHING TO THE WORLD
ABOUT YOU?**

PUBLISH
AND BE
DAMNED.



RIGHT. I'M BACK OFF TO ROME.
I'M RELYING ON YOU TO KEEP THIS
LITTLE AFFAIR AS QUIET AS
POSSIBLE...

A HORSE
FOR CAESAR.



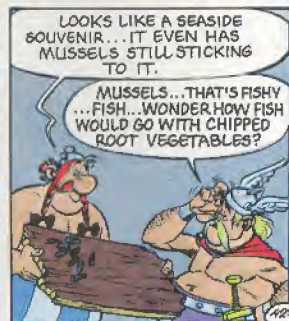
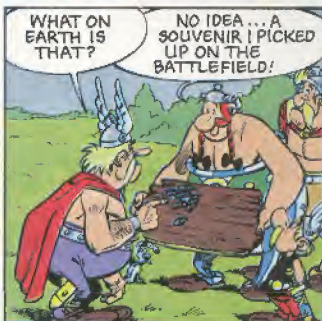
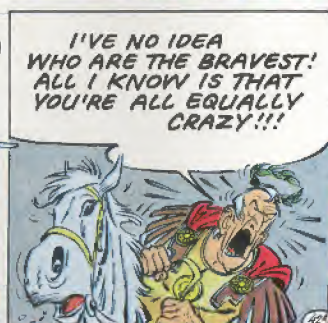
AND IT IS A CASE OF RUIN UPON RUIN, ROUT ON
ROUT; CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED...

**RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! RUN!
RUN FOR IT!**



**WE'RE THE GREATEST
RUN-MAKERS! WE WON
THE MATCH! THEY'LL
NEED MORE THAN
RUNNING REPAIRS
AFTER THIS!**





AND THERE IS A SOUND
OF REVELRY BY NIGHT.



